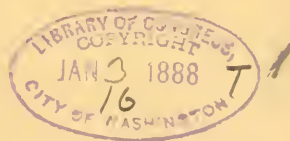


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1887



IVY LEAVES

BY
VESTA ADAMS
"



CINCINNATI
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1887

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VESTA ADAMS

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IVY LEAVES

The grander flowers in the field of thought,
I've left for others ; and have brought
Only these ivy-leaves to offer you,
Types of remembrance and friendship true.
As the ivy clings to the oak tree tall,
And clambers o'er many a ruined wall,
Hiding the roughness and want of grace
'Neath the cov'ring of green its clust'ring vines
trace,

Ling'ring long after the flowers are gone,
And the summer birds to the South have flown,
Lending a beauty where none was before,
Performing its mission of love o'er and o'er,
So would I that friendly thoughts may do
In reading to cover the defects from view ;
For the faults are many which here are found,
Incompleteness and crudeness in rhythm
abound.

But receiving it all in the spirit 't is sent,
Rememb'ring only the good that is meant,
Over imperfections a covering fashion,
Of the glossy green leaves of love's compassion.

Looking only at that which is best,
And a gilding placing o'er all the rest.
'T is but as a leaf on the sea of time,
This little volume of jingle and rhyme. •
'Mid the legions of others gone on before,
And legions still gaining the distant shore
Of fame and glory and all that seems
The perfect fulfillment of fairest dreams.
But should it a pleasure to even one be,
Who through darkness of errors a light may
 see,
That will be glory enough for me.
And when again fancy shall turn to thee,
Oh, muse! may you sing in a more perfect
 strain,
With a purer melody, and sweeter refrain.

WILL IT PAY ?

Will it pay to lend a hand,
In the onward march of life,
To the weak ones of the band,
Who are falling in the strife ?

Some are struggling 'gainst their vices ;
Others weighted down with pride,
Still would shun that which entices
Those borne down beneath the tide.

Pride should be our slave, not master,
Sad his fate whom it shall rule ;
Oft 't will lead him to disaster ;
'Tis a lesson taught in school.

If we do our best right gladly
With a cheerful look and tone,
For each one who needs them sadly,
Half earth's sorrow's will be unknown.

It will pay us every day,
To intercede for what is right,
Plant flowers of good deeds on our way,
And strive to walk within the Light.

JUNE.

Sunny, flower-wreathed month of June!
Setting all our hearts atune
To Dame Nature's sweetest chords;
Songs of summer, without words.
Now the country 's clothed in green,
And the starry daisies gleam
Brightly over many a field;
And, half-hidden, half revealed,
Luscious strawberries are 'seen
Peeping out from midst the green.
Yonder from the oak's low branch,
Saucy robin looks askance,
While his comrades form a choir,
Excelling far the harp and lyre.
With the city dim before us,
Heaven's blue canopy spread o'er us,
Seated in some shady nook,
With a favorite author's book,
Where tall trees their shadows throw,
While soft breezes come and go,
Whispering ever, soft and low,—
Life is but a happy dream;

All its paths with pleasure teem ;
All its griefs are passed away
On this peaceful summer day ;—
With fleeting joys gone all too soon,
Who does not love to live in June ?

HELEN HUNT JACKSON.

On a mount in the grand Colorado chain,
Where pine trees murmur their endless refrain,
Where turmoil and traffic of earth all cease,
"H. H." is sleeping in restful peace.
'T is a lonely place where she chose to lie,
Farther it seemed from the earth than the sky ;
But a scene more sublime ne'er met the gaze
Than this, as we stood in the sombre haze
On the mountain top, where not a sound
Of bird song or insect hum was heard,
And emotions deep in each heart were stirred,
As we silently looked on the little mound.
Around us, the mountains grim and tall,
Tower'd high above on each side like a wall;
While below us, bathed in the sun's warm light,
As a picture of fairy-land to the sight,
The beautiful town at the Springs was seen,
Like a mirage where mortal had never been.
Along the path down the mountain side,
Shimm'ring and sparkling, the little streams
glide ;
Thro' the ravines and o'er precipice high,

These beautiful streams go gleaming by.
Such was the scene that can ne'er be forgot—
And a fit place for study and thought was this
spot.

And, endeared and familiar to her in each part,
What wonder the place was so dear to her
heart !

A synonym true of the heights she had gained
'Mong the *literati*—and then all that remained
Was to lay down her work when the summons
should come,

And lovingly, trustingly, be guided safe home.
And a monument fit, in Romona's pages,
Has she reared for her memory in coming ages :
For this thrilling story will never grow old,
Till the sands in life's hour-glass have all been
told.

JULY.

Lazily swing the flower bells ;
Softly the warm winds blow,
The song in the robin's throat swells,
But faint are the notes and low ;
The hot sun beams down upon us,
But we seek the shady streets,
And wish for the broad, green woodlands,
And cool lakes, and summer retreats.
For the long mid-summer days
Are dragging the moments by,
And the heat, and languor, and lazy case,
Are telling us—'T is July.

The honey bees and butterflies
Hover o'er the flowers where nectar lies,
Sipping the sweets of each flower ere it dies.
The streamlet's song as it ripples along,
Has changed to whisperings low,
And the pebbles seen 'neath the silvery sheen,
Like crystals and diamonds glow,
When from valleys low to hill-tops high,

The beauties of nature around us lie
In such profusion, then 't is July.

The white capped clouds go sailing by,
Like phantom ships in the deep blue sky ;
And anon comes the music of falling rain,
Reviving the meadows and fields again.
And the parched grass, and drooping flowers
Nod gayly amidst the refreshing showers.
Fair queen of summer ! When your sunsets
glow,
And the tinted lights gleam on the clouds
below,
We pause and think of that home on high,
Where cool waters flow eternally by,
Where Elim's cool shades invitingly lie,
And where's a summer more perfect than e'en
July.

ON THE DEATH OF A PET CANARY.

Our pet canary bird died last night,
And it seems like we just can't bear the sight
Of the empty cage hanging so silently, where
His sweet songs of melody once rang on the
air;

We miss him all hours and all times through
the day,

And hardly can think that he's gone to stay,

He was ever so gentle and pretty and bright,
Carolling forth his glad song with each dawning
of light.

He sang out his joy words could never express,
And brightened full many an hour of distress.
He was always dressed in one suit—gold and
green—

And we thought him the prettiest bird ever seen

Through many great changes with us he has
gone,

And grew nearer and dearer to us with each
one;

Though his life was long for a bird—seven
 years—
Still we can't give him up without shedding
 tears.

Dear little bird ! we shall miss you long,
And often will listen in vain for your song.
And though others one day your place may
 take,
And with just as sweet songs the echoes awake,
We ever will cherish in memory's sight,
Thoughts of dear little Billy, that died last
 night.

FOURTH OF JULY.

Once again the circling years,
Passing oh! how swiftly by,
Freighted with our hopes and fears,
Sunshine's smiles and sorrow's tears,
Bring us to that milestone on our way,
Wrapped with our banners bright and gay,

Red, white and blue that led the way
To peaceful time and thee, Independence Day.
Loud and warm shall your greeting be,
'Mid the cannon's roar, and right royally
Our national flag we'll unfurl to the breeze,
Proclaiming on land and on many seas

That mem'ry reveres the brave warriors of old,
Tho' the warfare is now as "a tale that is told."
The bells are gaily ringing, as in olden times
't was done,
And the shooting of torpedoes—how the small
boy loves the fun!

The sound of martial music, the merry drum
and fife,
Awakes the dull emotions of the vet'ran to
new life :

For to him there is no music that sounds one
half so sweet,
Because with deeper meaning it did once his
senses greet.
As the sun sinks down the West, and the even-
ing shade comes on,
And the lights on shore and river gleam out
brightly one by one,
Then the fire-works and the lanterns illuminate
the night
With their curious wrought designs, and many
colored lights.

The brilliant streams of light ascend, with the
rainbow's colors true,
Towards the zenith with its dull and darkened
hue,
Then, silently and gracefully, they sink beneath
our view,
As do the shortened hours, filled with patriotic
zeal,

Pass by in quick succession ; and soon the royal
 seal
Of Time's unerring fingers counts the moments
 till the last,
And the Fourth of eighty-seven is reckoned
 with the past.

BABY'S BIRTHDAY

APRIL 10, 1887.

Easter Sunday, fair and bright,
Comes once more to bless our sight
With its tender recollection
Of our Saviour's resurrection,
Twining 'round our hearts' affection.

Early flowers of Spring are blooming,
Lilies sweet the air perfuming,
And all nature seems communing ;
Her sweetest chords to songs attuning,
To celebrate the holy dawn.

On this day of sweet remembrance,
With no trace of care, or semblance,
With none of life's dross, but all of its gold,
Our dear little Mary is six months old.
With wonder she looks from her large brown
 eyes
On this busy world, with calm surprise.

Dear baby, may this day be a token
Of future years; as life's book you open,
We trust you may ever find written there
Many pleasures and joys to lighten the care.

May the sunshine that hallows this bright birth-
day.

Ever shed its light over the rest of your way ;
And may the dear Saviour keep watch over you,
To guide and direct in all that you do,
From life's fair morn till its closing day.

THANKSGIVING.

The day was fair and the sun shone bright,
Filling the earth with its radiant light,
Transforming the frozen drops of dew
With sparkling beauty—a fairyland view.
The sun rose higher, and soon his warm rays
Spread over the city's broad streets and by-ways,
Lighting up many a bare, dismal room,
And many a home where was no thought of
gloom.

'T was the day of the year that had been set apart
For the thanksgiving that lies in each grateful
heart,
For the many great blessings received through
the year,
The blessings of life, friends, and kindred dear,
For us to meet in His house, and together give
praise,
To Him who had guided us safe in His ways.

The earnest preacher was there on time,
Soon after the bells had ceased to chime,

And one by one the pews were filled,
And the people's hearts to their depths were
thrilled

By the eloquent sermon, so earnest and true,
Recalling to them what was duty to do :
To make this glad day a thanksgiving, indeed,
By remembering the many in suffering and
need.

It seemed that the sermon had touched the right
chords,
For the generous giving spoke plainer than
words ;

And from many a home of want that day
Was the cloud of suffering lifted away,
By dire wants supplied in pitying love ;
And many souls were lifted in praises above.

A greater respect to mankind was given,
And many astray turned their faces to Heaven.
When the sun's last rays o'er the city fell
That day, 't would indeed be hard to tell
Who were the happier : but all were blest,
And the Angel recording can judge it best.

AN ANNIVERSARY SONG.

Calm and perfect is the day,
And the foliage, like rainbows gay,
Shows where King Frost did gently steal,
And with wondrous art bright hues reveal.
The hours are fleeting, and a misty haze
Mellows the light of these autumn days.
The store-houses filled, of plenty tell,
And a feeling of peace in each heart does
 dwell ;

Her summer work done, and all at its best,
Fair nature has paused, and now seemeth at
 rest.

 This bright day seems doubly dearer
 To us all, and ever nearer
 Its sweet influence does come,
 Shedding radiance o'er our home ;
For an anniversary it brings near,
Of the time when father and mother dear,
Thirty long years ago, did tell
The marriage vows they have kept so well.
And now they stand calm and serene,

On the heights by the hallowed mile-stone,
And lovingly look over the scene
Through whose paths they together have
gone.

If, sometimes, the light was shadowed
By the toils and cares of life,
Still that time now seems 'most hallowed,
And with pleasant memories rife.

Bright as this fair, perfect day
Would we wish their future way
Through green valleys e'er may be,
And by waters clear and free,
Till they reach the distant heights
Where the Golden Wedding lights
Will shine upon them from above,
With the sparkling light of love.

May God's Spirit gently guide them
Through the pleasant ways,
And His blessing e'er betide them
Through all coming days.

A WORK FOR ALL.

I've been thinking to-day of the good we
could do,
If we heeded the voices of conscience so true,
And instead of lives spent for vain pleasure and
show,
We should cherish sweet charity, and cause it
to grow.

There's the work of the missions, so noble and
good—
Now we *all* can't be missionaries, e'en if we
would;
But we ever can aid them who go o'er the sea
To those living in ignorance and idolatry,
By rememb'ring the mission day when it
comes 'round,
And in giving *our* share, be it penny or pound.

Every day on the streets as we pass to and
fro,
We can hear some sad story of want and of woe.

There are little ones hemmed in by vices and
sin,
Whom just a kind word, or a smile might win ;
And in doing these duties we can always find
near,
We are laying up treasures for heaven while
here.

Kind words, loving thoughts, a smile or a tear,
We don't think amount to much, year after
year,
But all good has a value, and each act in its
way
Helps to bring in the sunlight, where darkness
holds sway.

The light-hearted child, the man old and gray,
From life's fair morn till its closing day, •
Each one has a mission on earth to fulfill ;
And if we would all do our best with a will,
At last we may find, viewing paths others have
trod,
That each good deed 's a stepping-stone leading
to God.

TO NELLIE.

To what shall we liken our little maid?
We will call the flowers to our aid,

And find if any blooming there
Are like to our own little blossom rare.

The daisies that fields and meadows gem,
We'll place in the floral diadem,

Like faith-stars shining pure and white,
And hope that her life may be as bright.

Then the pansies—flowers of thought—
With face-like blossoms, delicate wrought;

These beautiful blooms are heart's ease as well,
And in this they are like our darling Nell;

And so we will gather them, fair in each hue,
To weave in our garland, the purple and blue.

Fair lilies bending low on the stem
Have a matchless grace; so we'll gather them,

Types of sweetness and purity,
And with them a wish that her life may be
Ever, as now, from all sinfulness free.

A spray of forget-me-nots next comes in view,
And we'll gather the spray for remembrance
true.

But now we come to the lovely moss rose,
Type of true love, wherever it grows ;

Fairer than all others does it seem,
Like to a picture seen in a dream ;

And as our Nellie with love holds sway
Over all who know her, we will liken to-day

Her life to this blossom, the fairest that grows
'Mid so many others—the rare moss rose.

And this wreath of thought—flowers we weave
so gay,
For our loved one to wear through her life
each day ;

And may the good wishes expressed in these
flowers,
Shed a radiance over her future hours.

WHEN MY SHIP COMES IN.

Oft are we building castles of air
Of our heart's desire, and, oh ! so fair,
And passing beautiful each structure seems,
Each " baseless fabric " of our day-dreams.
The sea harbor will open wide,
And in pomp and glory, tall ships beside,
My own I will hail with forgiven pride,
And be merry as ripples that follow the tide,
When my good ship comes in.

I often think of the good I will do,
With all the treasures when my dream comes
true.
But shall I this good ship see ?
And through what port will its entrance be ?
Shall it come over some stormy sea,
Over rough rolling waves, in darkness to me ?
Or shall it come sailing light and free,
Over rippling waters, and shall I see
Its pennons waving gracefully,
When my good ship comes in ?

Will it come early, or shall it be late,
This royal ship with its golden freight?
But when it does come, be they small or great,
I then will know what treasures wait
For me in the mythical hands of fate.
And 't will bring much joy to me, I trow,
When open the harbor bars I throw,
And my ship comes sailing in.

MEMORIES OF OUR LITTLE MARY.

A little curl of dark brown hair,
Tied with a silken ribbon fair ;
A bit of cashmere, pure and white,
Tenderly hid from curious sight ;—

Only these ; but the story they tell
Causes tears to rise from the heart's deep well ;
For they speak so plain of our baby girl,
Who so soon was called from earth's busy whirl.

Ere time could embitter, or grief alloy ;
She's reached an eternity of perfect joy ;
Ere one short year in life's race was run,
Her brown eyes closed, and her mission was
done.

The dimpled cheek and the sunny smile
Are hid from us now for a little while ;
But we can not think of our darling as dead,
For we know that our Saviour while here, once
said,

“Suffer the children to come unto me”—
And of heaven's kingdom are such as she.
There's a link draws us nearer to heaven's
gate,
Though sorrowing hearts do well nigh break;
And a blessed hope which shall ever remain,
One day we may meet little Mary again.

THE MOSS ROSE.

[There is a legend given in ancient lore, that the Christ child was once wandering through the earth; the way was dreary, and rough, stony paths caused him great suffering; sometimes rich foliage and rare flowers were seen, but they reared their regal heads as if unconscious of his suffering. Ere long he came to a bed of soft green moss, and so gratifying was it to his weary feet, that he paused and spoke a blessing on the lowly moss, and raised it as a mantle to spread around the rose, thus making the beautiful moss rose, which has ever since reigned queen of the flowers.]

Beautiful rose, with your mantle of green !
The fairest flower that ever was seen,
Crowned queen of flowers by love divine,
A royal place in all hearts is thine !
As a token of love it is often sent,
And messages sweet with its petals are blent,
When the pink of the rose is touched with dew,
That sparkles like gems on its rosy hue,
When on it the warm sun shines in his might,
New beauties we see 'neath his dazzling light ;
And when the evening shadows fall,
The veil of darkness that steals over all,
Can not rob it of beauty ; for a lovely sight

Is the pale, pink rose in the soft moonlight,
Whether found in some princely drawing-room,
Offering its incense of sweet perfume,
Or blooming free in fair garden bowers,
The moss rose is ever the queen of flowers.

PARAPHRASE ON I. COR. XIII.

Tho' with tongues of men and of angels I
speak,

The apostle Paul once said,
Without the sweet grace of charity,

My words are but dull, unmeaning and dead.
As sounding brass that availeth naught,
Or the cymbal's tinkling, is my life's work
wrought,

Tho' the gift of prophecy is given to me,
And all of futurity I can foresee—
Uplifting the veil 'twixt the future and now;
Tho' all to my knowledge in rev'rence would
bow,

Tho' faith to remove even mountains is mine,
It availeth me naught without charity kind.

Tho' my off'rings are many for poverty's sake,
Tho' my body should burn at the martyr's
stake ;

Tho' life's bitter lesson I learn full well,
If charity's lacking, 'twill a sad future tell.

Long does it suffer, and ever is kind,
And envy ne'er enters its calm, peaceful mind;

Vaunteth not its glories where all may deride,
And is not puffed up with an unseemly pride;
Beareth, believeth, and hopeth all things,
And ever the praises of modesty sings.
Whatever the prophecies, they shall fail;
The tongues shall cease to praise or assail—
All of our knowledge shall vanish away,
But charity ne'er fails us through life's rugged
way.

When a child my thoughts were but simple and
weak,

But now as a man do I think and speak;
For now we see darkly, as through a glass;
But when more perfect works shall come to
pass,

In a clearer light will Christ's love be shown,
And then we shall know as we also are known.
Now faith, hope and charity ever abide,
But charity's greater than all beside.

MEMORIAL DAY.

Within the peaceful city of the dead,
Where flowers bloom, and willows wave o'er-
head,
There in one sacred, hallowed spot, apart
From all the rest, lies many a faithful heart,
Who started forth at duty's clarion call,
To warfare; and the cost—his life, his all!

To-day we have gathered, with flowers so gay,
To cover their graves with the offerings of May;
To keep in remembrance the brave men of God,
Who calmly are sleeping beneath the green
sod.

These stones all have names; the general, his
corps,
Lieutenants and captains and many more,
Who held high positions, and whose names
coming down
Through ages historic are held in renown.

But *these*, each one marked with a neat white
stone,
Are the graves of the soldiers who were "Un-
known ;"
Unknown ? Unmissed ? Ah ! who shall say
That e'en on this late Memorial Day

Some hearts are not mourning with bitter woe,
For their loved ones who perished so long ago ?
Tho' no name is there on any headstone,
To the Ruler of battles they all are known.

So with pity and reverence and prayer,
Our floral offerings alike will we share
With each brave soldier who lies buried there.
Roses and lilies and sweet blue-bells,
Pansies and violets and immortelles—

Tenderly lay them on each grassy mound,
Then turn as the bugle notes softly sound,
And as the sun sinks in the golden west,
We'll leave the heroes to their peaceful rest.

AN ACROSTIC.

Coming with news of all nations,
Hail to thee, thrice welcome friend !
Resounding the voice of salvation,
In seeking Christ's cause to defend.
Serene be thy way through the ages,
Tho' querists oft puzzle the brain :
(It surely takes one of the sages
All the questions they ask to explain.)
New stories with morals for children,

Such good things for older ones, too ;
There 's never a line but is true.
And now may thy pathway grow brighter,
New beauties be added each week,
Doing good all the way to the weary,
And giving the help that they seek,
Reviving the light of the gospel so true,
Dear *Standard*, may peace be ever with you.

ON THE DEATH OF A SCHOOL-MATE.

There 's a scene in the past comes back to me,
As I read the sad news of the death of a friend ;
And, withdrawing the curtains, a picture I see—
The time when our school-days had drawn to
an end,

The stage with its flowers and pictures so fair,
The music, sweet music, that filled the air—

As each graduate bowed when her essay was
done,

And shyly acknowledged the praise it had won,
At the last came the parting address ; and o'er
all,

A feeling of sadness seemed to fall ;
For the words were so true that Sallie spoke,
“ Of the sorrow that over each life must fall
Obscuring its sunlight in mists like a pall.”

Prophetic words ! And though they awoke
Responsive chords in each heart, none dreamed
That she, who the fairest among the fair seemed,

Should so soon be the first, in the band of eight,
To reach the unknown, through death's mystic
gate.

Our paths since that time have been widely
apart,
But mem'ry remains ever green in the heart ;
And 'tis sad that so soon in life's short day
The summons should come to call her away.
Peacefully rest ! beloved one, rest !
In your long, last sleep, among the blest.

After earth's trials and toils and pain,
To all at the last does a sweet rest remain,
And though tears now fall, like the evening
dew,
They'll reflect in the morning the rainbow's
hue ;
As broken hopes, or a down crushed flower,
May brighten again in some sunnier hour.

THE OLD SEXTON'S STORY.

A tourist walking about one day
Through the streets of a village that quietly lay
In the shadows of mountains that ever looked
 down
With a sense of protection on the sleepy old
 town,
Came up to the church and its yard unaware;
And passing along, the inscriptions reading,
Walking at random, scarcely heeding
Whither he went, he presently came
To a lowly grave, where beneath the name,

Spelling it out from the ravage of time, .
Was writ the inscription: "A hope *may* be
 thine,
For the Saviour e'er leaves the ninety and nine,
For the wanderer now, as in olden time."
The reading seemed strange; for they often
 tell
Of good deeds and virtues, and on them dwell.
So the stranger was anxious the story to know

Of the life of this man, living long ago.
And the sexton, obliging, agreed, he said,
To tell what he knew of him who was dead.

So they sat down by the moss grown church
door,

Where vines hung thick, and cast shadows o'er,
And the little brook that was running along,
Seemed to tune his sad story with cadence of
song :

"I'm old and feeble, and as you see,
There's not much usefulness claimed by me ;
But I've done my work to the best of my will,
And the Master allowing I'll do it still.
'Tis now threescore of years and more,
Since first I entered this old church door.

The evening vespers each day I ring,
And the people respond to the summons, and
bring

Their offerings of prayer to lay at His feet,
Who promises all a forgiveness most sweet
I've gayly pealed forth the marriage chime,
And the funeral knell have tolled many a time ;
Telling the years off, age by age,
Each giving a record from life's true page ;

Of childhood's joys and grief and pain,
Youth's ambitions and failures, again and
again.

Manhood's struggles and avarice's grip,
And on down the stream, till age full ripe,
Claimed many as victims, and ere long 't was
death

That stilled all the strugglings with his icy
breath.

And once, long ago, when the vespers were
done,

And all the villagers had come and gone,
There came through the door the wreck of a
man,

Looking so weary and tattered and wan,
And with slow, weary step, and many a falter,
He came up at last, and knelt by the altar.

And, returning late, I found him still there,
Kneeling beside the same altar where
In childhood's days he had often been ;
For tho' so changed, I had plainly seen
That 't was he who had gone off in early youth,
Forsaking the paths of virtue and truth,
Yielding to stories of the tempter so fair,
An easy prey to their alluring snare ;

With life a worse failure day by day,
Till all its usefulness passed away.

He had come back home, and to this place,
To seek a forgiveness, and forever chase
The demon of wrong from out his way;
But alas! for him 't was too late a day
He knelt there so still, and so long, that I
said:

'The time has long passed since the vespers
were read.'

But he moved not, nor stirred, for his spirit
that day

Had passed from its tenement-house away.

And that's all the story. We buried him
there,

And at his grave there was said a prayer,

That there still might be hope for such as he,
In the boundless land of eternity.

And I still 'tend the grave, and keep weeds
away,

Tho' the stone is o'ergrown with mosses
gray."

"The story 's a sad one," the stranger said,

"This fragment of history, of him long since
dead,

And I thank you for telling it ; but time passes
away,

And now I must leave you. Good day, sir,
good day."

THE RAVEN AND THE DOVE

There is a shadow of doubt overhanging many to-day, dark as the leaden-winged bird which haunted that most weird of writers, E. A. Poe, and which he has immortalized in his poem. As he pictured the raven sitting on the bust of Pallas, and with its ominous croakings casting gloom over his life, so does the darkness of sin and miserable doubtings settle down over many lives to-day. But while the raven is croaking his "Nevermore," and exulting in the misery he brings, another winged messenger comes hovering near, a beautiful dove with snowy plumage, truly a harbinger of hope; in musical tones it tells of wonderful peace; and, withering under the gaze of purity, the black demon of doubt is dispelled, and hope reigns supreme.

There is ever war raging 'twixt hope and
doubt,

There is light with hope, but darkness without,
As the bust of Pallas the raven received,
That goddess of Reason, in whom they believed,
So now 't is the heathen, who idols adore,
Who are still on the "dark night's Plutonian
shore."

For tho' fair be the lands, with rich flowers and
rare,

It all is as nothing if doubting is there.

The fair-plumaged dove, with its musical tone,
Has long made our lovely country its own ;
And all who are fitted, its precepts make
known,
And most wonderfully in our land have they
grown.

The raven of darkness one rarely sees ;
For, sailing away o'er the salt sea breeze,
He has winged his flight and made his home
Where the truth and its promises rarely come.
But here and there amidst all the dross,
A light is breaking around where the cross

Of Christ is planted, and near it the dove
Hovers, shedding their radiance of hope from
above.

And one day the idols all trampled shall be,
By the cross and its promises ; then shall we see
The raven o'erpowered by the dove's purity.
And instead of his shriekings of " Never more,"
Echoing dismal from the heathen shore,
The dove's silvery notes shall the echoes ring,
Peace and hope evermore to all nations she'll
bring.

THE CHRISTMAS STAR.

How swiftly but surely the fleeting years go,
From summer's green to winter's snow,
And 't is now many hundreds of years ago,
Since the beautiful star in the East did show
The wise men of Bethlehem where to go
To the humble place where, in a manger low,
Our Saviour, a babe, was lying.

This light is still shining on us from afar,
A wonderful bright and guiding star,
Still leading us on to the Eastern bar
Where the gates of forgiveness are standing
ajar,
And the light of God's love is shining.

'T is the faith star is leading us on to-day,
And if we but follow beneath its bright ray,
It safely will bring us on, day after day,
Helping to shun all the dangers that stay,
So thick 'round our path if we wander away,
And our erring feet should go astray,

Out of the narrow but wonderful way,
Its hardships softening and refining.

The Christmas bells ring out loud and clear,
A sound most sweet to the listening ear;
For to-day we are keeping a holiday dear,
The holiday best of all through the year.
Once the carollers sang their songs of good
cheer,
And the passers-by often stopped to hear
The story in song that greeted the ear,
Oft with echoing lips replying.

To-day in all hearts is a carol sung,
While our homes are with the red holly hung,
And with Christmas green bedecked so fair,
It seems as if summer were still breathing there.
And the song of good will and peace to men,
Is repeating its echoes again and again,
Evermore singing the sweet old refrain,
That rings on the waters as on the main,
While the Christmas star is shining.

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